

BIE FARWELL BROWN

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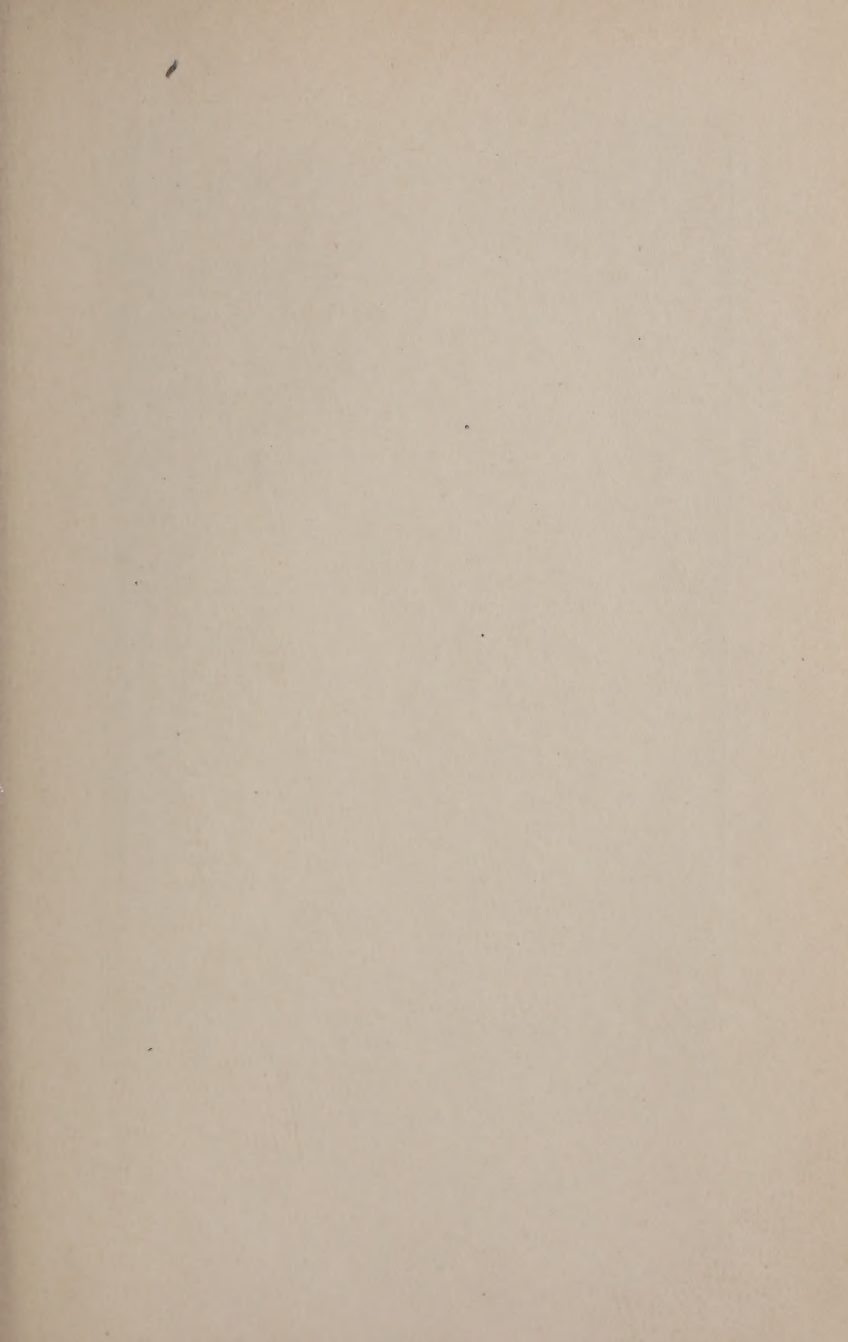
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By Abbie Farwell Brown

SONGS OF SIXPENCE. Illustrated.
THEIR CITY CHRISTMAS. Illustrated.
THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL. Illustrated.
JOHN OF THE WOODS. Illustrated.
FRESH POSIES. Illustrated.
FRIENDS AND COUSINS. Illustrated.
BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Illustrated.
THE STAR JEWELS AND OTHER WONDERS. Illustrated.
THE FLOWER PRINCESS. Illustrated.
THE CURIOUS BOOK OF BIRDS. Illustrated.
A POCKETFUL OF POSIES. Illustrated.
IN THE DAYS OF GIANTS. Illustrated.
THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS. Illustrated.
THE LONESOMEST DOLL. Illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

SONGS OF SIXPENCE





(p. 174)

HARE AND HOUNDS

Songs of Sixpence

BY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

EMMA TROTH



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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TO
THAT LOVER OF CHILDREN IN EVERY LAND
WILLIAM HARMAN VAN ALLEN
MY GOOD FRIEND AND RECTOR

FOR courteous permission to reprint the verses in this volume thanks are due to the publishers of *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Outlook*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *The Churchman*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *The Bellman*, *The Congregationalist*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The Delineator*, *The Christian Endeavor World*, *The Mayflower*, *John Martin's Book*, and *The Old Farmer's Almanack*; also to Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, editor of *One Hundred Folk-Songs*, and to Mr. Osbourne McConathy, editor of *The School Song-Book* (both published by C. C. Birchard and Co.), for whom the majority of the *Songs for Music* were written.

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THERE'S a lane through grassy
meadows,

There's a turnpike to the sea ;
There's a trail across the mountain
Which is very dear to me.
There's a shady, quiet roadway
On the border of the town ;
There are footpaths winding blithely
Up the little hills and down.
And oh ! I love the highroads
My happy feet have pressed ;
But walk at evening, walk at morn,
There's one I love the best.

It is a narrow city street
That clambers with a will
Between two ragged cliffs of brick
Upon a windy hill.
I see it from my window,
I watch it every day
Slope to the level sky-verge,
Whereon it melts away ;

*While etched across the picture
Stands straight and strong and tall,
The oak tree that I planted
When I was very small.*

*Above, a narrow sky-way
The houses frame for me ;
Beyond, across the city, —
Though I can hardly see, —
I know the blue bay opens,
With towering blocks between ;
I feel, I smell, I hear it,
When winds blow east and keen !
And I have dwelt here always ;
A child I watched it climb,
A quaint, forgotten byway,
Unmarked by change or time.*

*How often have I trod it !
Each brick and stone I know ;
I know each rise and hollow
Though hidden under snow.
And looking from my window
I almost think to see
A childish figure climbing, —
The little shade of Me.*

*But as I watch her, smiling,—
The child who once was I—
My fancy climbs the little hill,
And merges in the sky.*

SONGS OF SIXPENCE

SONGS OF SIXPENCE

THE SECRET

I HEAR God's whisper in the wind,
And in the roaring sea ;
And just as plainly in the grass
As in the tall pine tree.

He breathes a Secret in my ear ;
Though I am very small,
He says, to Him I am as dear
As people wise and tall.



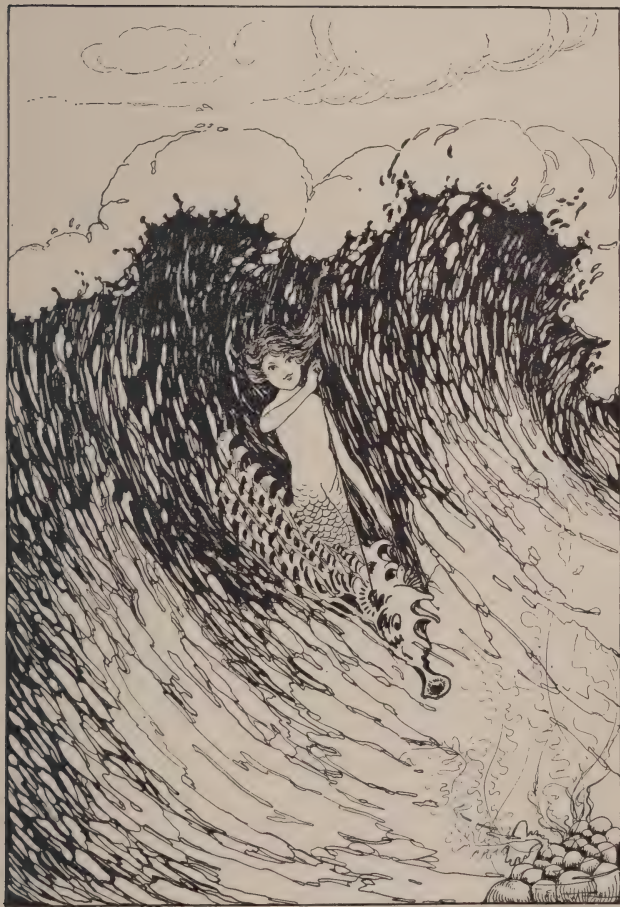
THE LITTLE SEA HORSE

DOWN in the depths of the gray-green tides
The queer little Sea Horse turns and glides.
The generous sea is his pasture green,
Where never a wall or a fence is seen.

At his own sweet will he romps and roves
O'er the billowy hills, through the seaweed groves.
He has no master, he feels no pain
Of lash or bit or the curbing rein.

But he tethers himself by his curly tail
To a coral post or a sea-fern frail,
Till the Mermaid fair whom he loves so well
Sweetly blows on her twisted shell.

He comes at her call and away she rides
Through the pearl-paved streets of the wandering
tides;
Then up and afar o'er the foamy waves
To the green sea-pools in the windy caves.



THE LITTLE SEA HORSE

The brave little Sea Horse has no fear
Of the strange sea monsters gliding near, —
The walrus fierce and the cannibal shark,
The spouting whale and the curious snark.

Not even the great sea serpent grim,
Writhing from fathomless depths and dim,
With his terrible scales and his glaring eye
Can make the Sea Horse rear or shy.

He is kind and safe and he does not prance,
He does not gallop or pace or dance ;
He cannot kick on the Broad Main Street, —
For the queer little Sea Horse has no feet !



TREE CITY

I KNOW a little city on a green and sunny hill,
Where a hundred tiny families have homes;
Its byways are uncrowded, its leafy lanes are
still,
And there no noisy railroad ever comes.

The homes are high and airy; they swing and
rock and sway
Whichever way the summer breezes blow;
There are no doors or windows, no roof to blow
away,
But leafy awnings shade the babes below.

The fathers and the mothers all earn their daily
bread
And bring it to the little ones who cry;
They do not ride or motor, they do not walk, —
instead
They do the very latest thing, — they fly!

The happy little citizens who live so high and free,
They sing and sing and sing the whole day long.
For this peaceful, quiet city is a green and lovely
tree,
And the dwellers there are birds, whose life is
song.



WANTED

PLEASE, Sir, I want some paper, white,—
The kind that grows to be
A merry, lovely story-book
To hold upon your knee.

Please, Sir, I'd like a brand-new pen, —
The kind that goes so quick
Your hand can scarce keep up with it,
To stir the plot in thick.

Please, Sir, I want to buy some ink, —
The kind that's full of tales,
That makes the thoughts one wants to think,
And never, never fails.



MY DAY

I HAVE a little song to sing,
A little game to play,
A task to do for some one's sake,
Before the close of day.

I have a little thought to think,
A little love to share,
A little lesson to be learned,
A little pain to bear.

So other children spend their day,
And so for me is best ;
Until the night comes gently down,
And all alike shall rest.



FASHIONS AT THE ZOO

DEAR! Dear! What can the matter be?
Such noises at the Zoo!
With roars and growls and shrieks and howls,
And caterwauling too!

The Kitten innocently asked
What were the latest styles;
And now the fashion-notes are heard
For miles and miles and miles.

Said Zebra, "Stripes are all the style;"
The Leopard growled, "Oh, no!
The fashion now is polka-dots."
Hissed Snake: "Who told you so?"

"Checks are the very newest thing."
The Tortoise snapped: "My! My!
'T is plaids, my dear, are *chic* this year,
You know as well as I."

"One must wear fur," the Tiger roared.
"What *fur*?" the Ostrich screamed;

"Feathers, they say, are quite *au fait!*"

The Monkey shrieked, "You dreamed!"

"Necks must be long and collars small,"

Giraffe cried; "styles have shrunk."

The Elephant gave squeals of rage,

And spanked her with her trunk.

"At least, one needs a slender waist," —

The Wasp's words stung the brute.

"Tails must be short." "No, tails are long!"

Began a new dispute.

Then at the Zoo wild chaos reigned

In every stall and cage;

Teeth, claws, and rolling eyes declared

What fashions were the rage.

The trembling Kitten crept away

And hid herself awhile.

"I guess it's safe for kits," she mused,

"To keep behind the style!"



A SHORT TALE

LITTLE Brother Rabbit
Went to buy a habit.

“Make it with a tail for me
Just like Mister Fox,” said he.

“Make it fine and long, Sir,
Sew it good and strong, Sir.”

Then the Tailor measured him,
(Oh, alas! His eyes were dim!)
One detail escaped his plan,
Careless, careless Tailor-Man!

When the little suit was done,
Not a coat-tail, no, not one!

Sad he was to lack it,
Funny little jacket!

Just a bob-tailed cut-away.

All the neighbors point and say, —

“Little Brother Rabbit,
In his tail-less habit!”

LITTLE BIRD'S GIFTS

HO! Little Bird, flying up so high,
Into the wonderful velvet sky!
Bring me a bit of that lovely blue,
Little Bird, do!

“Ho! Little Girl, go out in the wood,
Where you will find if you ’re wise and good,
A violet blue as the azure sky;
Little Girl, try!”

Ho! Little Bird, flying off so far!
Bring me the littlest, fairest star.
Wrap it around with a bit of breeze,
Little Bird, please!

“Ho! Little Girl, again look down.
There is your star in the leaf-mould brown;
White and bright, — the anemone,
Little Girl, see!”

TALL ENOUGH

I 'M not so tall as you, Sir,
However straight I stand ;
But I am tall enough to peep
Across to Fairyland.
I have to climb a hilltop
And stand on tiptoe there, —
But you do not know how or why,
And you cannot guess where !

I 'm not so tall as you, Sir ;
I 'm just the height to be
A sister of the flowers,
A friend of bird and bee ;
So many little playmates
Tell secrets in my ear
With voices all too tiny
For taller folk to hear !

I never must outgrow them,
No, that would never do !
Oh, I am very glad, Sir,
I 'm not so tall as you !

APRIL FOOL

IT was the first of April ;
The ground was white with snow,
And the saucy little sparrows
Were hopping to and fro.

The naughty little sparrows
Chirped to the flowers, — “Come out !
Oh see, the spring is coming,
It’s time for you to sprout.”

It was the first of April,
And oh ! but it was cold,
When a sleepy little Tulip
Came peeping through the mould.

She looked about and shivered,
And shed a frozen tear, —
“I heard the birdies calling,
They said that spring was here !”

The naughty little sparrows
Hopped merrily and said, —
“Oh, April Fool, you silly!
You ’d best go back to bed!”



SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY

SOMEBODY'S birthday every day,
Over this land so wide and far.
So let us be generous, kind and gay
For Somebody's sake, wherever we are.



KITTIWINK

ONE sad and rainy April day
Our darling little pussy died.
She was so fluffy and so gray, —
Oh, how we cried, and cried, and cried !

Beneath a little willow tree
That drooped its branches to the ground,
We planted pussy tenderly,
And scattered posies all around.

But when we came another day,
Our Kittiwink's new grave to see,
A thousand pussies small and gray
Were creeping on the willow tree,

With soft and silky silver fur !
Where did they come from, do you think ?
We thought we almost heard them purr ;
They seemed like blossomed Kittiwink.

At this same time of every spring, —
The pussies know the very day, —
They climb in scores to creep and cling
Where Kittiwink was laid away.



FINGER-NAIL MOON

LITTLE Moon, little Moon,
Delicate and white,
You are like the finger-nail
Of an Angel bright.

You alone are plain and clear,
Him I cannot see,
Stretching out his tender hand
Over land and sea.

Little Moon, little Moon,
When you are not there,
Then I know the Angel's hands
Must be clasped in prayer.



A DREAM

A HANDFUL of new-fallen snow,
Fresh rose-leaves pale and sweet,
A bud for a nose and a bud for a mouth,
Wee buds for the hands and feet.

A flushing sea-shell for an ear,
And bits of skyey blue
Set in the rose-leaf snowy place ; —
Say, what is this Dream-come-true ?



CITY TREES

CITY trees, city trees,
Green and brave and tall,
Here among the ugly bricks,
How I love you all!

Green and brave and straight and strong,
Did you come to show —
Lest the city folk forget —
How they ought to grow?

When the high winds blow from home,
And you bend and sway,
Do you hear the forest talk
Borne from far away?

Does it make you wild and sad?
Or do you answer then, —
“ Lo, God's joyous ministrants,
Here we live for men ” ?

CITY HOUSES

THE houses in the city
Are snuggled in a line,
Shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot,
Like soldiers tall and fine.

Their faces all look much alike ;
They all dress just the same,
Each with a number of the street
That gives the family name.

The folk who live in city homes
So big, so like, so near,
Must be like brothers, — are they not ? —
Who love each other dear.



BEES

I SAW a yard all dark and bare,
With red walls frowning down ;
The city is so ugly there,
The dirtiest place in town !

But there I spied a hive of bees ;
Poor little country things !
And as I watched, away they flew,
With busy buzzing wings.

Far to the country fields they flew,
Where flowers are fresh and fair,
And all day long they gathered sweets,
That are so plenty there.

But back at last, each little bee
Left fields and flowers and sky,
To seek the hive, the ugly yard,
The city noise ; — oh, why ?

CLOCKS IN THE MORNING

AT home awakening
Oh, very early,
I hear the birdies sing
Their matins clearly.

But here at break of day,
A sudden shiver
Brings me from dreams away,
My ears a-quiver.

No bleat of little sheep,
No gentle lowing
Comes to me in my sleep,
No rooster crowing.

No voice bids me awake
Of bird or squirrel ;
It is the Clocks who make
Their morning quarrel !

One after one they strike,
In every weather,
No voices quite alike,
No two together.

Each bell, each gong, each chime
Takes turn of striking,
They wrangle about time,
And set me doubting.

All can't be right, I see,
With such a number.
Why can they not agree
And let me slumber?



THE RIVER

THROUGH the city, through the city,
Still and sad and black,
Flows the river, onward ever,
Never turning back.

Once I knew her merry, cheery,
Laughing all the day,
Down the hillside dancing, prancing,
Clean and bright and gay.

Now she 's only sad and lonely.
Does she long to go
Back with me to country meadows
Where the lilies grow ?



THE RAGMAN

THE Ragman, the Ragman !
He prowls along the street,
A pack of rags upon his back,
Shoe-rags upon his feet ;
And bawls in accents far from sweet, —
“*Ra' ! O' Ra' !*”

The Ragman, the Ragman !
His cap is all of rags,
And when he shakes his ragged hair
His ragged beard he wags,
And raggedly along he lags, —
“*An — yol' bot' ?*”

The Ragman, the Ragman !
He goes his ragged ways,
And bawls a strange and ragged song
As through the street he strays ;
I cannot tell a word he says ! —
“*Ya' ! Bo' ! Ya' !*”

The Ragman, the Ragman !

His very words are rags,
All tattered, frayed-out syllables,
All vowel-shreds and tags ;
And yet his bawling never flags, —
“*Ra' ! O' Ra-a-a-a' !*”



THE LITTLE CORNER STORE

COME, let us go a-shopping ; I have so much
to buy !

I need you all to help me. The counter is so high,
It 's very hard to see things, a-tiptoe on the floor.
I 'm going to spend my penny at the little corner
store !

Now shall I choose a red one ? I can't make up
my mind,
For there are pink and green ones, of every shape
and kind,
And twisted ones and curly, and many, many
more.
But I must spend my penny at the little corner
store.

Oh, some are long and sticky, and some are hard
and round ;
And some are shaped like mousies, and some are
nicely browned.

The new kinds all are tempting, but *those* were
good before, —
How shall I spend my penny at the little corner
store?



LOST

YOU must not be scared, little Sister, nor cry,
For we will take care of you, Fido and I.
It's just a policeman who's coming, you see,
But I'm not afraid, no, indeed! Look at me!
It's only wild robbers and dogs who are mad,
Are afraid of policemen, because *they* are bad.
He's smiling a little. — O sir, will you try
To find us our home? We are lost, Babe and I,
And Fido's lost, too. — Yes, we all ran away.
We want to go home. We are tired of play. —
No, we are not naughty. We're not 'fraid of you.
We are good little children — *Boo hoo! Oh, boo
hoo!*



OF PINS

THE bad bumble-bee has a pin in his tail ;
Mosquito has one in his nose.

The dear little kittens

Have pins in their mittens,

And *ouch* ! There are pins on the rose !

So if you are little, and chubby, and round,

Wherever you wander or go,

The pins begin pricking

And stabbing and sticking.

They think you a Cushion, you know !



TREE FASHIONS

MY little oak tree tall and slim
Is dressed to suit the season.
Her garments, always neat and trim,
Are fashioned each in reason.

In early spring she sheathes her buds
In velvet snug and warm ;
For her no thin and flimsy duds
That fashion's dupes may charm.

Later her leaves of springtime hue
In satin soft unfold,
To drape her slender limbs anew
With daintiest bronze and gold.

Then in the summer days one hears
The swish of silken sheen,
And cool my little tree appears
In draperies of green.

By fall she pranks in tawny gear,
A suit of russet leather,

To wear while autumn winds are drear
And bitter grows the weather.

But fancy gowns she lays aside
When winter breezes blow,
And, white and graceful, wears with pride
A furry coat of snow.

Whatever fashion may decree,
Though ladies' gowns be queer,
In her own style my little tree
Is lovely all the year.



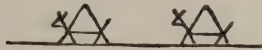
THE CAMEL

(ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR)

ONCE in the land of pyramids
Where palms and camels grow,
The latter had no hump at all
(As Scientists should know).



But camels are ambitious, and
At last discovered how
They too can be as pyramids, —
And just look at them now !



GIRAFFE

GIRAFFE was once a little thing
No bigger than a deer ;
His neck was short, his legs were short ;
How came he framed so queer ?



One day he spied a Kaffir hut
Beneath a slim palm tree,
“ Hallo ! ” he cried, “ how tall and grand !
“ It ’s just the shape for me ! ”



A LEGEND OF THE SICKLE MOON

WHEN of the crescent moon aware
Hung silver in the sky,
“See, Saint Nothburga’s sickle there!”
The Tyrol children cry.

It is a quaint and pretty tale,
Six hundred summers old,
Which in the green Tyrolean vale,
By peasant folk is told.

The town of Eben nestled here
Is little known to fame,
Save as the legends make it dear,
In Saint Nothburga’s name.

For in this quiet country place,
Where a white church spire reared,
Nothburga dwelt, a maid of grace,
Who loved the Lord and feared.

She was a little serving lass,
Bound to a farmer stern,
Who to and fro all day must pass
Her coarse black bread to earn.

She spun and knit the fleecy wool,
She bleached the linen white,
She drew the water-buckets full,
And milked the herd at night.

And more than this, when harvest-tide
Turned golden all the plain,
She took her sickle, curving wide,
And reaped the ripened grain.

All people yielded to the charm
Of this meek serving maid,
Save the stern master of the farm,
Of whom all stood afraid.

For he was hard to humble folk,
And cruel to the poor,
A godless man, who evil spoke ;
A miser of his store.

Now it was on a Saturday
Near to the Sabbath time,

Which in those ages far away
Began at sunset-chime.

Nothburga in the harvest gold
Was reaping busily,
Although the day was grown so old
That dimly could she see.

Close by her cruel master stood,
And fearsome was his eye ;
He glowered at the maiden good,
He glowered at the sky.

For many rows lacked reaping, yet
The dark was falling fast,
And soon the round sun would be set
And working time be past.

“Cling-clang!” The sunset-chime pealed out,
And Sunday had begun ;
Nothburga sighed and turned about —
The reaping was not done.

She laid her curving sickle by,
And said her evening hymn,
Wide-gazing on the starless sky,
Where all was dark and dim.

But hark ! A hasty summons came
To drown her whispered words,
An angry voice called out her name,
And scared the nestling birds.

“What ho, Nothburga, lazy one !
Bend to your task again,
And do not think the day is done
Till you have reaped this grain.”

“But, Master,” spoke Nothburga low,
“It is the Sabbath time ;
We must keep holy hours now,
After the sunset-chime.”

And then in rage the master cried :
“The day belongs to me !
I’m lord of all the country side,
And hold the time in fee !

“No Sunday-thought shall spoil the gain
That comes a hundred fold
From reaping of my yellow grain,
Which shall be turned to gold.”

“Nay, Master, give me gracious leave
The Lord’s will I must keep ;

Upon the holy Sabbath day
My sickle shall not reap ! ”

The master raised his heavy hand
To deal the maid a blow ;
“ Thou shalt ! ” he cried his fierce command,
And would have struck, when lo !

Nothburga whirled her sickle bright
And tossed it in the sky !
A flash, a gleam of silver light,
As it went circling by,

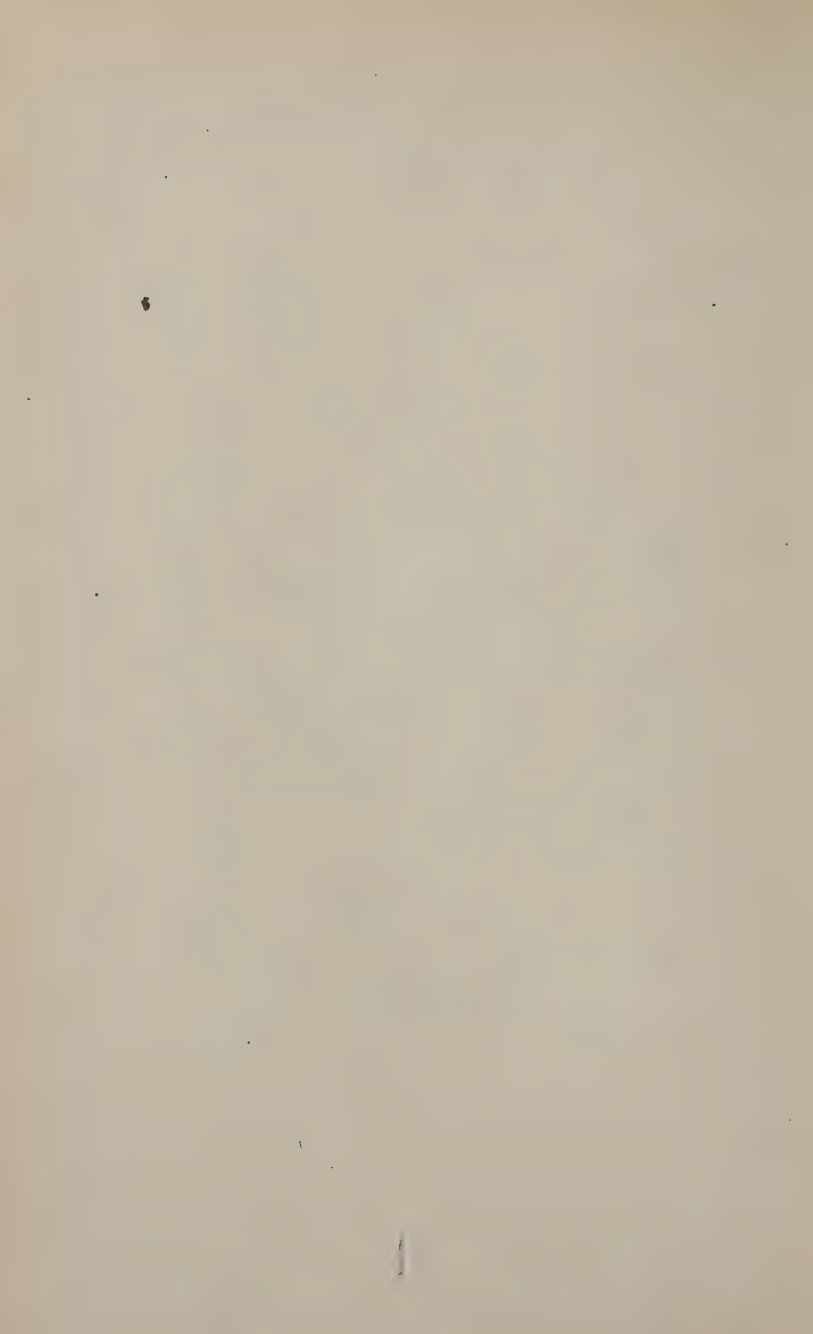
And there, beside a little star
Which had peeped out to see,
The sickle hung itself afar,
As swiftly as could be !

The master stared up, wondering ;
Forgetting all his rage,
To see so strange and quaint a thing —
The marvel of the age.

And she, the maid so brave and good,
Thenceforth had naught to fear,
But kept the Sabbath as she would,
And lived a life of cheer.



THE SICKLE MOON



So when among the stars you see
The silver sickle flame,
Think how the wonder came to be,
And bless Nothburga's name.



WEE LITTLE SONG

A WEE little time to be little,
And a long, long time to be tall.
Then why should we want to be growing?
Oh, why should we hate to be small?

The grown-ups smile at us wisely;
They do as they please all day.
But don't they wish they were children
Who really know how to play?

A wee little time to be little,
And a long, long time to be tall.
But we know how to be happy,
And they have forgotten it all!



THE CATBIRD

THE catbird caroled in the bush,
The sweetest sound to hear ;
No bobolink or fluting thrush
Could sing so loud and clear.

He bubbled like a mountain brook,
He rippled and he trilled,
And every little forest nook
With melody was filled.

I heard the catbird sing again ;
A harsh, unhappy note
That sounded like a soul in pain,
Came from his little throat.

"O naughty bird !" I cried in jest,
"Why make that peevish mew ?
Why not be always at your best ?"
"*Are you ?*" he mocked, "*Are ye-o-u ?*"

A POSY

I SEND this little Posy for a greeting to my
Dear
(Though posies seldom blossom at this season of
the year),
But words are full of fragrance when they are
penned in love,
And do not fade or wither, as you have means to
prove.
So take this tiny posy, a sprig without a thorn,
To greet you on the echo of the day when you
were born.



OVERTONES

OVER the ground is a mat of green,
Over the grass is dew ;
Over the dew are the arching trees,
Over the trees the blue.

Dotting the blue are the scudding clouds,
Over the clouds the sun ;
Over the sun is the love of God,
Brooding us, every one.



ME

O H, hear the pine-tops whisper,
And see each talking tree !
They bend and point and gesture ;
They 're joking about ME !

The brook is choked with snickers,
And hear the gossip bee !
I wish I knew the story
He 's telling about ME !

The leaves all shake with laughter ;
The pansies grin with glee ;
The other flowers nod slyly, —
They 're making fun of ME !

Oh, hear the swallows titter !
The robin chuckles free ;
And listen to the catbird,
Who makes a mock of ME !

Last night the moon was grinning,
Reflected in the sea ;

The stars were winking gayly ;
They must have heard of ME !

The sun is smiling kindly ;—
Oh, could it really be
That all the world is merry
Without a thought of ME !



THE CARELESS WAVES

THE merry little waves at play
Are sliding on the shore.
They laugh and titter, blithe and gay,
Then burst into a roar.

Up, up the steep, smooth slope of sand
They clamber side by side ;
Then turn about, and hand in hand
They all sit down and slide !

And though their frills as white as snow,
The lovely lace they wear,
Is torn and shredded to and fro,
They do not seem to care !

They leave the tatters on the shore,
All scattered far and wide ;
Then up the wavelets rush once more,
And down again they slide.

SEA-URCHIN

THERE'S an ugly little fellow who lives
down in the sea.

He's covered all with prickles as thickly as can be;
And if you step upon him, the first thing that
you know,

You'll have a sharp sea-needle stuck deeply in
your toe.

He's round and green and funny. I think he goes
to school

With the crabs and shells and starfish in the little
seaweed pool.

And every one would like him, if he was n't full
of pins,

That prick and hurt and poison when they stick
into your skins.

The anemones are pretty, and the limpets pale
and drab —

They're quiet little girls. I'll be an awkward,
merry crab;

But not a prickly urchin; that is not what I
am.

I'd rather be a starfish, or a stupid, clammy
clam!



THE FLOWERPHONE

SEE the morning-glories hung
On the vine for me to use :
Hark ! A flower-bell has rung,
I can talk now, if I choose.

“Hello, Central ! Oh, hello !
Give me Puck of Fairyland. —
Mr. Puck, I want to know
What I cannot understand.

“How the leaves are scalloped out ;
Where’s the den of Dragon Fly ?
What do crickets chirp about ?
Where do flowers go when they die ?

“How far can a Fairy see ?
Why are woodsy things afraid ?
Who lives in the hollow tree ?
How are cobweb carpets made ?

“ Why do Fairies hide ? — Hello !
What ? I cannot understand — ”
That ’s the way they always do,
They ’ve cut me off from Fairyland !



THE PEACOCK

THE Peacock is so beautiful,
All gold and green and blue !
When he spreads out his lovely fan
One scarce believes it true.

The Peacock has a hundred eyes ;
No wonder he is vain,
He sees himself as others see,
And cannot think he 's plain.

But when the Peacock tries to sing
His voice is coarse and shrill ;
I have to stop my ears and run,
It almost makes me ill !

I wish he had a hundred ears
To match his hundred eyes ;
He 'd hear himself as others do, —
Oh, what a sad surprise !

RHYME OF THE BARLEY BEAST

ALL in a wood of Christmas trees
Upon Saint Stephen's Day,
I met a fearsome Barley Beast,
Who stood across my way !

His eyes were huge, his head was round,
His legs were large and thick ;
I trembled at the sight of him,
My heart beat loud and quick !

On either side, above my head,
Rose banks of sugar snow,
Behind, the huge Plum Pudding Hill ;
Oh, where was I to go ?

The ground was slippery and white,
With sugar icing spread.
I dared not try to run, and so
I stood stock still instead.

He roared, and all the Christmas trees
Tink-tinkled at the sound ;

Down dropped the icicles and nuts,
And popcorn strewed the ground.

He roared again, and from the trees
The Christmas presents fell.
Ah, but for my most awkward plight
I should have liked this well!

The Barley Beast roared once again;
He seemed about to leap.
The toys and candy fell around
In many a tempting heap.

Oh! There was nothing else to do —
I gave a fearful cry,
And pulled a bonbon snapper — "*Pop!*"
I saw him fall and die.

I ate him in a dozen bites,
And ah! his end was sweet!
The Barley Beast will nevermore
Prowl in that fair retreat.

I gathered all the presents up,
As many as I could,
And then I slipped and slid and slewed
Home from the Christmas wood.

THE CHEERY BIRD

THE little bird at my window sings,
“*Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily!*”

Then up he soars on his lovely wings,

“*Merrily, oh, merrily!*”

I wish like him I could sing and fly,

High, high to the dear blue sky;

But at least I can try each day to be

Thankful and busy and glad as he,

“*Cheerily, merrily.*”

The little bird when the day is done,

“*Weary, weary, weary!*”

Comes home to rest with the setting sun,

“*Cheery, still cheery.*”

I wish like him I could sleep always

High, high where the tree-top sways.

But my own little bed is best for me,

With a good-night chirp to my family —

“*Weary, cheery.*”

THE BOWL OF GOLDFISH

I

THE Goldfish learns Geography
From living in the bowl ;
He knows the world is round, you see,
And flattened at the pole.

He sometimes seems to hate his dish ;
Oh, would he rather be
An ignorant, unlearnéd fish
Out in the flat blue sea ?

II

If he had been a common fish
With coat of sober gray,
Without a single golden gleam, —
A minnow in a meadow stream, —
He might be there to-day.

He might be there to dart and gleam,
And flicker all about.

Then some day he would reach the lake,
And finally and quickly make
A supper for a trout !

III

I wish, I wish that I could hear
The song my Goldfish sings !
Alas ! Our ears are made so queer
They miss a thousand things.

His mouth is moving all day long,
As he swims to and fro.
Oh, it must be a golden song,
So tiny and so low !

IV

Does he, do you think, remember
Where at first he dwelt ?
In a pool, green and cool, —
Such a dear, enchanting pool,
Where the sunbeams melt !

Where, amid the water lilies,
Little nixies fair
With a song glance along, —
Such a winsome, dainty song ! —
Trailing golden hair.

Pretty fish, do you remember
Joys of long ago?
Does your eye make reply? —
Round and staring fishy eye! —
No, no, no!



THE TWO DOGS

I HAVE two funny little dogs,
Their heads are black and round ;
All day they sit before the fire
And do not make a sound.

They're cheerful as two dogs can be,
Although they both are blind,
And each one has but three good legs,
With ne'er a tail behind !

They never bark, they never bite,
They never whine or growl,
And if a spark falls on their backs
They never even howl.

The S. P. C. A. may object,
But sometimes, I confess,
I take the poker to my dogs,
And throw sticks at them, yes !

I never pet them, give them food,
Or take them out to play. —
They are the iron fire-dogs
Who guard my hearth all day.



THE HEARTH-FIRE

THE hearth-fire is a beehive
Whence gaudy swarms take flight, —
The tiny glowing, flaming sparks
That sting where they alight.

But stay ! It is a dragon
With fierce and flaming eyes,
Who belches fire and purple smoke
And writhes where couched he lies.

Ah see ! There is a castle
With walls and gates and towers ;
A rosy sunset glows behind,
And gay parterres of flowers.

Lo, now ! A pirate cavern,
With treasure all untold,
Great piles of rubies red as blood,
And casks of ruddy gold.

Behold ! There is an army
Advancing in the night,
With gleaming torches in their hands
And armor flashing bright.

Ah, but the magic embers
That flame and flash and change !
The hearth-fire is a gallery
Of pictures rare and strange !



GROWING

I 'M growing every minute,
As any one can see,
And soon I shall be tall as you,
If you will wait for me !



THE IMPROBABLE BRUTE

THE Pogun walked by the desert shore,
An Improbable Brute to see ;
There was never one since nor ever before ;
With longing and yearning his heart was sore,
For a sociable sort was he.

He had two horns and he had two wings,
Sharp claws on his trotters two,
His body was covered with scales and things,
And his tail was twisted in seventeen rings,
And his eyes were cadaverous blue.

"I want to belong to a Zoo," he sighed,
"So lonely am I and sad !
I'm a curious type, there's no other beside,
I'm sure they will take me with glee and pride ;
The people will see and be glad."

So he wrote to the Zoo that selfsame night,
And sent his photograph too.

But they answered him quickly, in terms polite, —
“You ’re a quite impossible specimen, quite,
And we know that you can’t be true.

“We want real, probable creatures here,
The kind we can all deduce.
But impossible things are our only fear;
You may seem notable, strange, and queer,
But it’s not of the slightest use!”

Then the Pogun wept and the Pogun cried,
And he said, “I must up and go
To the Great Wise Man on the Otherside,
Who makes collections from far and wide;
He ’ll give me a berth, I know.”

So he flew on a pilgrimage through the sky
Till he came to the Wise Man’s door,
And he knocked with his curlicue tail held high,
So the Wise Man came with a spectacl’d eye
And stared till he could no more.

Then the Wise Man frowned, — “Why come to
me?”

And he flourished an angry fist, —
“Although with my specs I seem to see,

You know yourself that you cannot be,
You're a Myth, and you don't exist."

Then the poor old Pogun drooped his head,
And whined in a shiverful scream,
"If I don't exist, then I can't be dead ;
What *can* I be?" And the Wise Man said, —
"Consider yourself a Dream."

So was translated the Pogun's fate ;
A Zoo-less dream is he.
To the grown-up folks a horror and hate,
When they eat and drink too much and too late
(Though they know that he cannot be).

*For he has two horns and he has two wings,
Sharp claws on his trotters two,
His body is covered with scales and things,
And his tail is twisted in seventeen rings,
And his eyes are cadaverous blue!*

But the children dream without qualm or fear,
(Unless they are quite, quite bad).
To them the Pogun is quaint and queer,
And in spite of his ugliness rather a dear, —
And the sociable Pogun is glad.

GREETING

O LITTLE bird, fly east,
And little bird, fly west,
To sing a birthday message
To the child I love the best.

O little breeze, blow north,
And little breeze, blow south,
To press a kiss of greeting
On my little darling's mouth.



ALL WOOL

I 'VE noticed how the woolly lamb
Dislikes the rain and dew.
I wonder if he fears to damp
His little garments through ?

How very horrid it would be
If they should shrink when wet !
He cannot take his woollies off
And wear another set.

His legs would be so bare and cold,
An ugly sight to see !
The flock would bleat, "Bah! Bah!" at him.
How sheepish he would be !



THE ROSEBUSH

THE rosebush is a meter
To mark how springtime grows
From wistful throbbings underground
To be a joyous rose.

The bush is bare and ugly,
All dead and sad to see,
Until the sap goes climbing up
As red as life can be.

Oh, soon it reaches Leafing Point,
And this is marked in green ;
And Budding Point is higher still,
When bits of pink are seen.

At last it climbs to Blooming Point,
When joy is at the height ;
And then it marks a red, red rose,
So beautiful and bright.

The rosebush is a meter ;
The sap runs up and down
To mark the height of summer's smile,
The depth of winter's frown.



THE WOODPECKER

THE Woodpecker is such a bore !
He 's always knocking at the door
Of some old tree with horrid din,
To see if any one is in.
He 's never welcome where he goes,
Because he 's greedy, I suppose.
The trees all sigh beneath their breath :
“ Oh, dear ! He bores us 'most to death ! ”



GARDEN TALK

THE Butterfly hovering to and fro
Looked down on the bright Sweet Pea,
And said, "You thing with the gauzy wing,
You're trying to fly, like me!
But you don't know how, and you can't learn now.
You're tied to the ground, you see!"

The Sweet Pea glanced at the Butterfly,
And tried to be pert and sour.
She said, "Oh, you of the rainbow hue,
You're trying to be a flower!
But you can't keep still, so you never will
Grow sweeter from hour to hour!"

Then the Red Rose said to the bickering pair,—
"How foolish of you to pose!
Why can't you be yourselves, like me,
I copy no friends or foes."
But the Sweet Pea sighed, and the Butterfly
cried,—
"Ah, yes,—if one were a Rose!"

A THUNDER-SHOWER

THE baby angels who are good
Are bidden tend the flowers.
They have their little water-pots
To sprinkle gentle showers.

But sometimes other angels come
And take them by surprise ;
You hear the stamp of naughty feet,
With flash of naughty eyes.

And then the showers come pouring down
From out the frightened sky,
Until God takes the water-pots
And gently puts them by.



CONSTANT STARS

THERE always is some little star
Wherever we may go,
Lest we forget the Christmas Star
That shone so long ago ;
The dearest Star, the fairest Star
That mortal folk may know.

So, though the starry host of heaven
We cannot always see,
The friendly lights on earth at even
Are stars of less degree ;
The lighthouse as a star is given
To sailors on the sea.

The flower stars of summer days
Shine in the fields of green,
And in the salty water-ways
The red sea-stars are seen ;
The crystal stars in rocks and clays
Greet eyes whose sight is keen.

In winter comes the frost and snow,
When stars like jewels bright
Make beautiful the ground below,
And dazzle all the sight ;
And there are diamonds that glow
Like true stars in the night.

But sweetest stars will ever shine
In tender eyes and dear ;
Most like that radiant Star divine
So wonderful and near,
They show us to the holy shrine
Through all the blessed year.



LUCK — PLUCK

I WISH you good Luck " is no word to say ;
" I wish you good Pluck " is better.
For pluck means more, in every way,
Than just an additional letter.

It is good to believe in your luck, I know,
It is hard to be thought unlucky.
But the best of luck for us folk below
Is the habit of being plucky.

You can turn your luck, — if you have the
pluck, —
You can conquer the ill that shakes it.
So I will not stop at a wish for Luck,
But here 's to the Pluck that makes it !



THE FISHERMAN

THE fisherman goes out at dawn
When every one's abed,
And from the bottom of the sea
Draws up his daily bread.

His life is strange ; half on the shore
And half upon the sea —
Not quite a fish, and yet not quite
The same as you and me.

The fisherman has curious eyes ;
They make you feel so queer,
As if they had seen many things
Of wonder and of fear.

They're like the sea on foggy days, —
Not gray, nor yet quite blue ;
They're like the wondrous tales he tells —
Not quite — yet maybe — true.

He knows so much of boats and tides,
Of winds and clouds and sky !
But when I tell of city things,
He sniffs and shuts one eye !



THE POODLE AND THE LAMB

TO the Poodle said the Lamb,
“You are nothing but a sham!
Though your coat looks nice and woolly from your
head down to your toes,
It's *not* wool, you must own;
Wool grows on *us* alone,
The Dictionary says so, and the Dictionary
knows!”

Then the curly Poodle sighed,
And the curly Poodle cried.
He ran and told his Mamma, and this is what she
said :
“My Darling, don't you care!
I would not have you wear
An all-wool coat for anything—you might as well
be dead !

“Dear Puppy, only think
How all-wool garments shrink !

And *clothing makes the creature*, as the famous
Poet sings.

So wear your curls with pride,
And some day you'll deride
The shrinking disposition of these sheepish woolly
things ! ”



THE SEA-GULL

THE duck can swim, the duck can walk
 (Tho' not so well as I),
But tho' he is a kind of bird,
 He cannot seem to fly.

But, oh, the sea-gull, gray and white,
 He is a lucky thing!
Just see him on his dizzy flight,
 With spreading, level wing.

Just see him riding on the waves
 As gayly as a boat.
Oh, how I wish that I could learn
 Like him to swim and float!

Then see him walk about the sand
 As proudly as can be.
He is as much at home on land
 As in the sky or sea.

I think it really is n't fair
That he has so much fun —
To swim, to walk, to fly in air,
When I can do but one !



HELPFUL PUP

I WOKE to-day when master did,
And helped him milk the cows ;
And then I ate my breakfast down,
And helped about the house.

I saw the children off to school ;
I helped Jim make the hay ;
I drove a squirrel to his hole ;
I scared the birds away.

I chased a kitten up a tree
I did n't care to climb,
And then I took a little nap,
And it was dinner-time.

Next with the children I must play,
And pretty soon 't was night ;
Then I and master went the rounds
And locked the house up tight.

I'm such a tired little dog,
And soon asleep I'll be.
I hope no burglars come to-night, —
They could not waken me !



IN BED

EACH night when I am snug abed
The dark feels queer and sad ;
The lovely day might be a dream,
And that would be too bad !

I don't know if I am asleep :
Perhaps there 's nothing true,
And maybe I 'm not really I,
Perhaps I 'm only *you* !

But in the morning I awake,
And laugh until I cry ;
It 's such a joke to see the sun
And find I still am I !



LITTLE CORA'S KUDZU VINE

I WILL plant a Kudzu vine,"
Trusting little Cora said.
"Soon it will be tall and fine,
Spreading far above my head.

"I have asked the Florist Man,
And he says it will be so.
In the land of far Japan
You can almost see it grow!"

Cora took the Kudzu seed ;
It looked kind and very tame,
Gentle and polite, indeed
(All except its ugly name).

Cora set it out straightway
In her pretty garden plot,
And she watered it each day
With her little water pot.

No, she did not once forget.

Every day she looked to see
If the seed had sprouted yet,
Poking at it eagerly.

But the days and weeks went by,
And the vine did not appear ;
Cora wept and wondered why,
Surely, it was very queer!

‘I am sorry, Cora mine,”
Said her father, “but you see,
This can be no Kudzu vine,
’T is a *Can’t*-zu, seems to me!”

Cora’s Kudzu never grew
To reward her tender care.
Cora never, never knew
What it really did, and where.

For the Kudzu seed was wild,
Very wild and far from tame.
From Japan where plum trees smiled
All against its will it came,

Bursting with desire to be
Back among the almond-eyed

Children of the Japanee,
With their obis neatly tied.

So when Cora set it out
Upside down (which was not right),
Gayly it began to sprout
Towards its home, with all its might.

And it made a subway straight
Through the earth, as Kudzus can,
Till it popped with gladness great
In a garden of Japan.

There it spread and sprawled aslant
As the Florist said it would,
Proving it was not a *Can't*,
But indeed a truly *Could*!

For her Kudzu gone astray
Little Cora sits and grieves.
In Japan the children play
Underneath its shady leaves.



FIVE O'CLOCK

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of tea,
Make a sweet emotion
In the midst of me.



TO A LITTLE CONVALESCENT

A PATIENT little patient be ;
Dear, do not sulk nor grieve.
The flowers stay in their beds, you see,
Till they have leaves to leave.



THE REAL VALENTINE

MOST folks can *buy* a Valentine ;
The stores are full of many
All lace and flowers and pretty words, —
But I have not a penny.

And there are Poets, I have heard,
Who are so very clever
That they can *make* a Valentine.
I could not do it, never !

But I can *be* a Valentine
To please my darling Mother,
And I believe she likes this kind
Better than any other.



THE NOSEGAY

WHEN Jack Frost pinches up my nose
Upon a winter's day
My Papa says he 's making me
A little bright nosegay.

A nosegay is a pretty thing, —
A lily or a rose ;
But rosy noses are n't the same.
I don't think Papa *knows* !



A BOTANICAL BALLAD

JOE PYE-WEED was a foreigner ;
He dressed in Dutchman's-Breeches,
And smoked a Dutchman's-Pipe ; he had
Phlox, Money, Stocks, and riches.

He paid court to the fair Wild Rose ;
He praised her London Pride,
Her Innocence and Honesty, —
Aster to be his bride.

Now Ragged Robin loved her, too,
Handsome and poor, no worse ;
His wealth a Poor Man's Weather-Glass,
And empty Shepherd's Purse.

She loved the sturdy Robin well,
Her Bleeding Heart she gave him,
And promised with a Maiden's Blush
That surely she would have him.

Old Timothy Hay her Poppy was,
A rough and cruel fellow ;

His hard heart only to his Box
Of Mint-ed gold was mellow.

Joe Pye-Weed was the Elder's choice,
Spite of her tears and sorrow ;
His Golden-rod he shook and vowed, —
"Yew shall wed Joe to-morrow !"

The Thyme was set for Four-o'Clock,
Before the Nightshade fell ;
Beneath the Matrimony Vine
Rang out the Canterbury Bell.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit was the priest ;
His Old-Man's-Beard descended
Beneath the Monk's-Hood that he wore ;
John Quill, the clerk, attended

To light the lamps and turn the Leaves,
And ring the Bells when ready ;
To stamp the pact with Solomon's Seal,
And keep the bridegroom steady.

Joe Pye-Weed in his suit of leather
Had donned a Larkspur knightly.
His Turk's Cap with its Prince's Feather
He doffed and held politely.

And up and down his leather coat
Was many a Bachelor's Button. —
The Blazing Star upon his cap
I almost had forgotten.

The Trumpet Flowers blew long and loud,
Flags waved on every side ;
Buds and young Blades and Wall Flowers
peered
And caroled, — “Hail the Bride!”

She dressed her Lady's Tresses high,
She crimped her Maiden Hair.
The Bridal Veil and Bridal Wreath
She fastened on with care.

White Lady's Slippers graced her feet, .
And Fox Gloves her Five Fingers ;
Her dress was snowy Queen Anne's Lace ;—
And still the fair bride lingers!

She tarried late and later yet,
Within her Virgin's Bower.
Guests blamed her Venus' Looking-Glass, —
“She's late by half an hour !”

The Quaker Ladies and Prim Rose
Grew pale with fearful presage,
When Patient Lucy, Rose's maid,
Came panting with a message.

"My Lady's taken Leaf and fled
Wi' bonny Ragged Robin!
They're o'er the border and awa, —
Snap Dragon was their dobbin!"

Her Papaw hastened to the house,
Nettled and ever Madder;
And there against her window stood
The helpful Jacob's Ladder.

"My Love Lies Bleeding!" cried Joe Pye,
"It Bitter-Sweet has been.
I Pine. But Everlasting Rue
Pursues my Meadow Queen!"

But though the Adder's Tongues may wag,
And Tulips talk them over,
They live forever, he and she,
In Heartsease and in Clover.

THE PEEVISH HEN

HEN, O Hen, how funny you are !
Why cross the road in front of the car ?”
“ *Wh-a-t ? Wh-a-t ? Me cross ? Ha ! ha !*
I am not cross. Tut-tut !”

“ Hen, O Hen, why duck so low
When through the great high barn door you go ?”
“ *Wh-a-t ? Wh-a-t ? You dare say so ?*
I am no Duck. Tut-tut !”

“ Hen, O Hen, why sing, each day,
Whenever a nice new egg you lay ?”
“ *Wh-a-at ? Wh-a-at ? What do you say ?*
I sing no lay. Tut-tut !”

“ Hen, O Hen, do you try to crow ?
The Rooster declares you do, you know.”
“ *Wh-a-t ? Wh-a-t ? Who calls me Crow ?*
There is no cause. Tut-tut !”

“ Hen, O Hen, it seems so queer
That once you were yellow and round and dear ! ”
“ *Wh-a-t? Wh-a-t? Of gold I hear !*
No gold piece ! Tut-tut ! ”



GOOD CLOCKS

AT noon and midnight day by day,
The good clocks everywhere
Fold close their hands and hold them up
To make their little prayer.

They make their prayer together all
Who truly vigil keep,
At busy noon when we forget,
At midnight while we sleep.



POOR OLD BOOKS

THE poor old books that nobody reads,
How lonely their days must be!
They stand up high on the dusty shelves,
Waiting and wishing, beside themselves, —
And nobody cares but me!
They have no pictures, they seem no good,
But I'd read them through, if I only could.

The poor old books! They are fat and dull,
Their covers are dark and queer;
But every time I push the door,
And patter across the library floor,
They seem to cry, — "Here, oh, here!"
And I feel so sad for their lonely looks,
I almost desert my picture-books.

The nice new books on the lower shelves
Are giddy in gold and red;
And they are happy and proud and gay,

For somebody reads them every day,
And carries them up to bed.
But when I am big I am going to read
The books that nobody else will heed.



PANSIES

O H, see the pansy faces there,
All smiling in a row !
They are the fairy portraits set
To make a picture show.

Last night the fairy artist came
With brushes dipped in dew,
And palette full of rainbow shades,
To paint the fairy crew.

And as the fairies danced about
So frisky and so free,
He made their portraits to the life,
For mortal folk to see.

The funny little slanting eyes !
The wide and roguish grin !
Such snubby noses, chubby cheeks !
Such dimples in the chin !

Are fairies all so quaint and queer ?
Perhaps it was a joke ;
The merry artist drew them so
To cheat us human folk.





PANSIES

MORNING AND EVENING

THE Morning shook out her red, red hair,
All gemmed with diamond dew.
The Evening wept : " She is so fair !
Would I were lovely too ! "

She wiped her tears with a cloudlet thin
From her eyes so big and bright,
Then tied a rainbow under her chin
And smiled at the world's delight.



IN THE VOGELGARTEN

WHAT trouble in the Forest School
Has happened, who can say?
I heard the saddest argument
Up in the trees to-day.

For suddenly there screamed a voice
Of one who seemed to hide,
And "Teacher! *Teacher!* TEACHER!"
It hysterically cried.

Oh, then I heard a stern rebuke
Directly overhead,
And "Má-ry! Come hé-ah!"
Was plainly what it said.

Then "Phœ-be!" came another cry,
The voice seemed faint with fear;
And after that, in high-pitched tones,
An angry "Dear, dear, dear!"

Oh, what had little Ma-ry done,
And what did Phœ-be do?

And did the Teacher punish them,
The naughty, naughty two?

I crept and listened like a spy,
I am ashamed to say ;
But what the fuss was all about
I could not learn that day.



THE RISING SON

A BOY in the East
Was raised upon Yeast,
And wonderful things happened soon ;
For it went to his head,
And then, it is said,
He could float like a little balloon !

He rose and he rose
On the tips of his toes
And straight through the window he flew.
In vain they 'd have sought him
If Nurse had n't caught him
And held to the heel of his shoe.

What a marvelous thing !
He is tied by a string
When he goes out to frolic around,
And he cannot return
Although he may yearn
Till Nurse pulls him down to the ground !

THE TUNE OF MOZART'S MINUET

*(Words like these little Mozart really said to the little Princess
Marie Antoinette, and so she answered him)*

Mozart

O PRINCESS, will you marry me?
I love you as you well can see.
You are so very kind and fair,
Dear little Golden Hair."

The Princess

"Thanks, pretty Sir, for what you say.
Come, ask my Mother if I may.
I with you would rather ever dance
Than be the Queen of France!"



THE LIZARD

THE Lizard is a funny thing.
He has a snaky head,
A snaky tail beside, — and yet
He is a quad-ru-ped.

He has a little lightning tongue
With which he snaps the flies,
And yes, — there is a funny look
About his fiery eyes!

I think he was a Dragon once,
With great big pointed wings,
And wicked jaws and wicked claws,
And teeth and scales and things.

I think a Hero sought him out,
And fought an awful fight,
Then changed the Dragon by a spell
Into this helpless mite.

I like to watch the Lizard bask.

But oh! Suppose some day
The Dragon should change back again, —
How fast I'd run away!



BIRDS WITHOUT WORDS

LITTLE bird upon the tree,
Far you fly across the valley,
In the pure fresh air you dally,
Oh, what wonders you can see!

Little bird, your gay heart sings
In a language that I know not
Of the realms where children go not.
I should know if I had wings.

Oh, I love the little birds
For the pretty songs they sing me,
For the pretty thoughts they bring me, —
Songs and thoughts that have no words.



FAIRYLAND IN SNOW

O H, who has been to Fairyland?
So few have found the way!
No common road will take you there,
You see it not by day.
Where in the white, untrodden snow
The forest-brothers stand
In moonlit silence, row on row,
There, there is Fairyland!

In Fairyland a magic light
Illumines all the way,
Until the red moon in the night
Shines through his lantern gray.
The trees in downy dominos,
Like ghosts who masquerade,
Peer from behind their clinging snows
Half friendly, half afraid.

And little eyes are watching there,
And little ears are keen;

The bushes snap and rustle where
The Wee Folk lurk unseen.
Oh, who will take his staff in hand
And don the magic shoe,
And go with me to Fairyland? —
Come, Neighbor, why not you?



THE THISTLE

I OFTEN used to wonder
What happened to the pins ;
Until I met a pin-plant
That pricked me on the shins.

'T was full of pins and needles
As thick as it could bristle,
A purple cushion on the top ;
My Mamma called it "Thistle."

The people should be careful
They scatter pins about,
And never think how quickly
They may begin to sprout.

The ground will be all pin-plants
The first thing that we know !
And so I pick up all the pins
Wherever I may go.

CHECKERS AT THE ZOO

WHY can't you play some quiet game?"
The Monkeys' mother said,
"You are such noisy, restless things, —
Alas! My aching head!

"The Dormice play at checkers now,
With gentle, curled-up tails,
The Tortoise is their checker-board,
The checker-men are Snails.

"Oh see how nice and still they are,
It is a pretty game."
"Ho, Ma!" the naughty Monkeys cried, —
"We think it's awful tame!"



THE MOON AND HER STAR

SEE the lovely Lady Moon,
Walking fast and far
Through the cloudy fields of sky,
With her little star.

Everywhere my Lady goes
See, he trots behind ;
'T is her little poodle dog,
White and true and kind.

Other frisky stars peep out
Coaxing him to play,
But the faithful little friend
Will not run away.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
You must treat him well !
If you are not kind to him
I shall have to tell !

SPRING PLAY

COME up, little buds, through the yielding
ground,

Come up to the warm spring noon,
For the birds are twittering all around,
And something will happen soon.

Come out, little buds, from your tight green sheaves;
Oh, how can you bear to stay in !
For whispers of joy are rustling the leaves,
And the fun is about to begin.

Come forth, little buds, in your silken sheen,
And play your part in the sun,
For the stage is waiting all velvet green,
And the beautiful play has begun !



WELL-WISHING

I WISH I had a wishing well ;
I wish you had one too.
For if we had — well, who can tell
What wonders we would do !

We'd dip the magic water out,
And wish for something fine,
Then you would get, without a doubt,
Your wish ; and I'd get mine.

But as we haven't such a thing,
We will let well alone.
You wish me well, I wish you well,
And so it is well done.



SPIDER WEBS

O H, see the nets of spider-webs spread out
from bush to tree!

The Fairies played at tennis there, as any one
can see.

Their balls were bits of thistle-down, oak leaves
their rackets made,

Oh, how I wish I could have seen the game those
Fairies played!



THE SKY FISHER

OF moonbeams I will build a boat,
With sails of rainbow light,
And off to Skyland I will float
Across the Sea of Night.

Into the purple tide and cold
A silver net I'll throw,
To catch the Star Fish dripping gold,
Deep in the waves below.

The Meteors that dart and play
Will hurry to escape ;
I'll chase them through the Milky Way
And round the Cloudland Cape.

My net will tangle them at last, —
The slow, round Moon Fish too ;
And in the silver meshes fast
They will be shining through.

Then all the people down below
Will wonder at the sight,
Until at dawn I let them go
Back to the depths of night.



HITTING THE NAIL

I HAVE a little hammer
That goes *Tink, tink*.
When I am bigger I shall be
A Carpenter, I think.

I showed it to my uncle,
He said, "Ho, ho !
I guess you cannot drive a nail,
Whack, whack, so."

"Yes, I can drive a nail, sir !
Oh, see me now !"
Whack, — it was my finger nail !
Ow, ow, ow !



SWEET RAIN

THEY say it's raining "cats and dogs,"
Though why I cannot say.
I wish it would rain something good,
I'd let it storm all day.

Oh, for the sound of lemon drops,
Or nice spun-sugar hail !
A soda shower to last an hour,
Or a storm of ginger ale !

I'd hold my big umbrella up,
But *upside down*, for use,
And set out cans and tubs and pans
To catch the luscious juice !



BOTANY

THERE was a young lady of Kotenay
Who was bored by the scenic monotony ;
 “The flowers,” she said,
 “And the shrubs are all dead ;
Have we got any Botany ? Not any ! ”



THE FAIRY MAN

AS I was out a-walking upon the road to Stowe,
I met a little Fairy Man with hair as
white as snow.

He wore a coat of Lincoln green, a cap of scarlet
hue,

And a white owl's feather, —

(Ah ! I knew !)

As I was out a-walking beside the silver burn,
The Fairy Man unrolled himself from out a frond
of fern.

He doffed his tiny cap to me, and made a bow
demure,

Then grinned politely at me, —

(I am sure !)

As I was out a-walking he spoke a magic word ;
His voice was high and musical, too tiny to be
heard.

Ah no, nor did I see him, a-swaggering in the
grass,
But I felt the fairy near me, —
(Yes, he was !)



TO THE DOGS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

(From the French of Chanoine Jules Gross of St. Bernard)

BRAVE dogs of St. Bernard, companions
dear

On the pale mountains through the livelong year,
To you, the hardy squires of our King,
Who scorn the storm and hail, to you I sing!

Here in the misty cloudlands where we dwell,
What matters avalanche and tempest fell?
Our realm of pure white snow and ice is best;
Our task to save the wanderer, cheer the guest.

Many have sung of Barry, good and great,
His was a hero's life, a martyr's fate.¹

And so, dear dogs, you all will live and die!
Ah, you are dowered with beauty, strength and
skill;

Obedience, devotion and good will.

What wonder all men love you, as do I?

¹ *The noble dog Barry saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first.*

TALLER POEMS

LEWIS CARROLL

January 14, 1898

THIS was the brave adventurer
Upon an unknown sea,
Who found the far, fair Wonderland ;
His galleon by an eager band
Of little children featly manned,
All laughing out in glee.

Far, far away the vessel sailed
Throughout a single night,
Until they reached the magic shore
No man had ever seen before ;
The children's land forevermore
He gave them as their right.

And since that voyage venturesome,
On every night and day,
That Pilot with a shipful new
Of happy children for his crew, —
And grown-up folks a favored few, —
Has sailed the Wonder Way.

And if, upon to-morrow's ship
No Pilot should appear,
So many children everywhere
Have learned from his the thoroughfare
To Wonderland, they still will dare
To sail without a fear.

But oh ! Their little hearts will ache !
And oh ! Their eyes will dim !
And as the ship sails mile by mile,
Each child will sit a little while,
And thinking will forget to smile, —
For sailing without him.



TINY GREEN HANDS

THE little leaves upon the tree
With eager fingers beckon me,
Whenever from the printed book
I raise my weary eyes and look.

They tap upon the window pane,
They signal, point, and beck again,
And whispering voices seem to say, —
“Ah, leave dull books and come away!”

They flutter with a tempting grace,
Coquetting with the time and place;
They point and show with elfish mime
A lovelier place, a happier time.

O tender fingers quivering light,
You pull my very heart-strings tight!
You lead my Spirit where you please,
O tiny green hands of the trees!

INDIAN PIPES

THE pipes of peace ! Erect and white
In this dark, piny place, where light
May enter seldom, — thus they grow
Up from the mould and mosses low,
Like ghostly shadows of the night.

This was the spot, — I know it well.
Here died the Chief, so legends tell ;
From out the shade a traitor dart
Winged eagerly to that brave heart.
I found an arrow where he fell.

And deep below the moss and mould,
They say his bones lie stark and cold ;
Yet never dared men seek them here, —
It is so still, so dark, so drear,
The pines so lone ; his grave so old.

O pipes of peace, why do ye spring
From this red soil, from that dread thing?

Could peace for his fierce ashes wait ?
A life of war, a death of hate, —
What did the fateful arrow bring ?

In Happy Hunting Grounds is he
At one with every enemy ?
There doth he puff the peace-pipe slow ?
Lo ! Seem the ghostly bowls to glow ;
Methinks pale smoke-wreaths curl to me.



THE SWORD

IT was the page of Launcelot
Who caroled merrily,
While burnishing the master-sword
That lay upon his knee.

The blade was long and keen and scarred
By many a gallant thrust ;
But one dull stain upon it lay,
More black than blood or rust.

The roses bloomed in Joyous Garde,
And snowed their petals sweet
Upon the laddie's golden curls,
And lay about his feet.

*" No knight is like to Launcelot !
Oh, may I grow to be
As brave and wise, as debonair,
As true and good as he ! "*

Late sunbeams shivered down the sword,
Which glistened bright and fair;
But ever, midmost of the blade,
The dark, dull spot was there.

The page's willing fingers failed,
His sunny eyes grew dim;
And staring at the tarnished steel
His heart was sick in him.

Low dropped the laddie's yellow head;
He wept with might and main.
Alas! No faithful hand of love
Could do away that stain.



THE VIGIL

THROUGH the long dark I watch and wake
Beside my armor bright.
To-morrow's dawning sun shall make
Me too a belted knight.

The silent hours drag slow and long,
The chapel floor is cold ;
My weary eyes are faint, but strong
My heart to win and hold.

No kin may help, no friend draw nigh,
The world is all asleep ;
For this one night my soul and I
Alone must vigil keep.

Yet, through yon oriel's tinted wheel,
Of stars a silent throng
Watch over me to wish my weal, —
Knights who were brave and strong.

In silver armor clad, like mine,
They throng the blessed field,
Bright on my helm and corselet shine,
To bless my sword and shield.

They nobly ventured life's alarms,
They died to keep their vow ;
But first they watched, to wind their arms,
As I am watching now.

May their noblesse me too inspire
Who long like them to fight,
When I, who now am but a squire,
Shall rise a belted knight.



NEW ENGLAND

I DREAM of a languorous, tideless shore;
Of azure light in elfin caves;
Of heathery hills with summits hoar
That wade knee-deep in northern waves.
Of rainbow sails like butterflies,
That flutter to an old-world quay;
Of where a buried city lies
Beneath the tides of Brittany.

Nay! But my own New England coast,
Pungent with wild-rose, pine, and bay!
Brown marsh, white sand, gray rocks that boast
The fiercest surf, the wildest spray.
Ha! For me
Where the white, white sails go flashing o'er the
sea,
And the sea-wind is the east wind, as the sea-
wind ought to be!

I dream of a castle-covered height;
Of gardens with eternal flowers;

Of mossy fountains gleaming white ;
Of lemon groves and tropic bowers ;
Of faëry glens and haunted halls
Where mystery creeps to and fro ;
Of palaces on gay canals ;
Of English green and Alpenglów.

Nay ! But New England's apple trees !
Her homely houses, square and plain ;
Her simple gardens, loved of bees,
The maple groves, the firs of Maine.

Ha ! For me

Where the spring comes slowly, like a play to see,
And the sea-wind is the east wind, as the sea-
wind ought to be !



IN HAMPTON TOWN

THE Hampton marshes to the sea
Stretch out a colored tapestry, —
A woven oriental gleam,
Bright-traced with many a sea-filled stream,
Where dips the loon all silently.

Across the Hampton meadows blow
Strange whispers from the long ago,
Quaint legends of a time now dead,
Rich-colored like the marshes spread
Down to the salt sea's ebb and flow.

And as I wander down the street
Of Hampton town with loitering feet,
These legends whisper in mine ear,
Blown with the scent of roses near,
And lavender and brier sweet.

I see a bent and withered dame
With cruel chin and eyes aflame, —

Gaunt Goody Cole, the Hampton witch ;
Where met three cross-roads, in a ditch,
They buried her of evil fame.

Come ghostly shapes of ladies fair,
Their blue eyes blurred with tears and care ;
Pale Huguenots and soldiers grim,
Gray elders stern and matrons prim, —
All these my reverie would share.

The Hampton pines these legends know,
And gossip them in whispers low ;
They help to spin the charm which twines
About the lovely Place of Pines,
They and the soft sea winds which blow.



THE BEACH LANE

THERE is a lane which leads down to the
sea;

Wild roses form a hedge on either side,

While stately pines arch o'er their shadows
wide

And frame a blue disk of the sky for me.

The marshes glisten brown and green and red,

Rich opal-studded with the tardy tide,

Which 'neath the brown marsh-sedges loves to
hide,

Reflecting all the glory overhead.

The narrow lane winds down unto the sea,

Across the turnpike, over yellow sand,

To where the cool waves lap upon the strand,
Still calling me, — and ever calling me.

THE INDIAN SPRING

I KNOW a shady hollow 'neath the pines,
Rich carpeted with moss and trailing vines ;
Where feathery ferns grow lusty, tall and green
By sipping from the bowl o'er which they lean ;
And crimson berries on the margin cling,
Like drops of blood about the Indian spring.

Upon this spot a many years ago,
A graceful figure knelt, and bending low,
Wrist-deep in moss, one hand curved to a cup,
The water to her scarlet dips drew up.
A heron's wing drooped from her dusky hair,
Which draped the rich-hued cheeks and shoulders
bare.

Swift, stealthy footsteps took her by surprise ;
She started, flushed, and met his eager eyes, —
A noble figure, young and lithe and tall,
With one proud eagle feather crowning all.

A pause, a word, and lo ! The heron's wing
Brushed with the eagle's there above the spring.

Two cruel eyes gleamed from the piny shade,
Fixed on the bended heads of man and maid ;
Swiftly a gray goose feather with a twang
Of hate and envy from the darkness sprang.
One shrilling cry, — the heron wing had fled ;
Low lay the eagle plume ; the spring ran red.

The years have gone ; new mosses veil the ground,
New ferns, new vines ; — but here the spring I
found.

And here the gray goose shaft its story told.
A heart of flint, 'neath moss and years of mould
And vines to which the blood-red berries cling, —
I found an arrow by the Indian spring.



ALICIA'S GARDEN

A LICIA has a garden where many flowers
grow,
And blithely in among them all she passes to
and fro.
Her gentle hands have brought them from near
and far away,
And set them out in kindly soil to blossom and
be gay.

Alicia's tears about the roots fell warm, like summer rain,
The flowers with a tender throb responded to her pain.
And then she beamed with radiant eyes and smile
of love so bright,
That all the garden thrilled to her and blossomed
towards the light.

Oh, in Alicia's garden the rarest flowers grow,
And each one blooms its best for her as she goes
to and fro.

They thrive upon her favor, they bourgeon in her
grace,
For she has cast a magic spell upon her garden
place.





ALICIA'S GARDEN

THE FAIRY FORT

AS I went by the fairy fort
I heard a laughing, wee voice say,—
“Whisht! Be these humans rale at all?
I’ll not believe it, nay!”

“Aye, but ye see the crayturs plain.” —
“But seein’ niver makes it true,
No more than not to see be proof;
’T is what they think and do.

“They just have faith in what they see,
And they be blind as midday owls, —
Except the little childher dear,
And some with childher sowls.

“They chase unrale things all day long, —
Money and aise and fame and power, —
With niver time to pipe and dream,
Or gossip with a flower.

“Such stupid things they be, and quare!
I’ll not believe in them, not I!
Come, let us pipe a rale, true lilt
And lave the crayturs by.”

As I went by the Fairy Fort
I hear a piping sweet and small. —
I wonder, are the Wee Folk real,
Or am I real at all?



THANKSGIVING

FOR beauty of the generous earth ;
For small successes, joys and mirth ;
For large content in little wealth ;
For books, for music, and for health ;
For every good Thy mercy sends ;
And best of all — for friends.



CHURCHES

THE purple hills all point to heaven;
Each little church spire too,
That stands a-tiptoe in the street,
Points Godward through the blue.

Help in the mighty hills is found;
I lift mine eyes and bless
The church not built by human hand,
Of Nature's loveliness.

Then in the church's solemn aisles
I feel the hills anigh;
Through windows rich and beautiful
Sift shades of wood and sky.

The organ speaks like murmuring pines;
A tree, each pillar towers;
Sweet voices chant like forest birds,
And incense breathes of flowers.

The altar lamp declares the light
That shines above the hills ;
I lift mine eyes and find the help
That from His Presence thrills.



THE HERITAGE

NO matter what my birth may be,
No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir in equity
Of all the precious Past.

The art, the science, and the lore
Of all the ages long since dust,
The wisdom of the world in store,
Are mine, all mine in trust.

The beauty of the living earth,
The power of the golden sun,
The Present, whatsoe'er my birth,
I share with every one.

As much as any man am I
The owner of the working day;
Mine are the minutes as they fly
To save or throw away.

And mine the Future to bequeath
Unto the generations new ;
I help to shape it with my breath,
Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage,
The Future laid in my control : —
No matter what my name or age,
I am a Master-soul !



FRIENDSHIP

GOLD cannot buy it,
Poverty try it ;
Thrift may not cheapen it,
Sorrow must deepen it ;
Joy cannot lose it,
Malice abuse it ;
Wit cannot choke it,
Folly provoke it ;
Age can but strengthen it,
Time only lengthen it ;
Death cannot sever
Friendship forever.
Heaven the true place of it,
God is the Grace of it.



TRANSFIGURED

I SAW a little twisted tree,
With limbs deformed and queer;
I wondered why the Gardener
Had saved it through the year.
But in the spring at last I knew.
Transfigured and unguessed,
Within a veil of magic hue,
It was of all most blest.

I saw a little crooked lad,
His face was pale and wan;
The helpless body made me sad —
He could not play or run.
I wondered, and my eyes were dim,
Why God had kept this child;
Until, as I looked down at him,
He raised glad eyes, — and smiled!

WINDOWS

THE windows of the place wherein I dwell
I will make beautiful. No garnish light
Shall enter crudely ; but with colors bright
And warm and throbbing I will weave a spell
Of rainbow tracery the theme to tell
Of seer and simple saint and noble knight,
Beggar and king, who fought the valiant fight.
They shall transfigure even my poor cell.

But when the shadows of the night begin,
And sifted sunbeams fall no more on me,
May I have learned to light my lamp within,
So that the passing world may look and see
Still the fair message, though in paler hue,
Of the sweet lives who help men to live true !



THE PASTURE

AH, how the pasture would be fair
And beautiful to view
But for the cruel thistles there,
The thistles and the rue !

.

Now, color in the waste I spy,
For, purple, rich to see,
Each thistle holds a butterfly,
Each tall white rue, a bee.

And beautiful the pasture seems,
For now I can see true
How life may feed its sweetest dreams
From thistles and the rue.



THE TRAVELER RETURNED

I TRAVELED by the path of Pain
Unto the gate of Day ;
But Love besought me back again,
So I retraced my way.

To live and love and labor still,
And finish, it may be,
Some little task the Master's will
Has set aside for me.



THE FICKLE BREEZE

(Song for music by M. H. D.)

WHEN the Breeze came, ever bolder,
Came and whispered to the May,
Who can say what words he told her
That she smiled and looked so gay,
That she thrilled with fancy sweet?
Who the whisper can repeat?

When the Breeze, the fickle lover,
Left the wreathed and bridal May,
How her tears fell brimming over
Who can say? Who can say?
Drop by drop the livelong day
On the flowers and grass they lay.
But the sly Breeze stole away!



SONGS FOR FOLK-MUSIC

THE LITTLE ORANGE TREE

(From the French)

WITHIN my father's garden,
 Joy of the rose,
A little orange tree,
 Like the rose, how it grows !
It reaches tall, like me ;
 Orange and rose, the winter goes.

O Father, tell me truly,
 Joy of the rose !
When will the orange be
 Like the rose, how it grows,
Ripe, ripe to leave the tree ?
 Orange and rose, the springtime goes.

The harvest time is coming ;
 Joy of the rose !
A ladder to the tree,
 Like the rose, how it grows !
One mounts and gathers free.
 Orange and rose, the summer goes.

THE SPRIG OF THYME

(Adapted from Old English)

LISTEN, all ye fair young maids,
Like blossoms in your prime,
I 'd have you be like gardens set
With a little sprig of thyme.

Merry thyme is the quaintest flower
That grows beneath the sun!
'T is thyme that makes one laugh at a jest,
Ere laughing time be done.

So may you be both fair and wise
Like ladies of old rhyme;
Time cannot spoil your gardens bright, —
For the thyme doth laugh at time!



SAILING AT NAPOLI

O VER the bay of azure,
Under a summer sky,
Sailing with snowy pinions
Like a great bird we fly.
The distant islands beckon,
The purple mountains smile. — Ah me!
My Napoli! My Napoli!
Your charm doth still beguile!
My Napoli, my Napoli!
Your charm doth still beguile!

Lapping of waves behind us,
Flicker of snowy foam;
Odorous breezes blowing,
Farther we fly from home!
O'er reefs of blushing coral
To wondrous azure caves. — Ah me!
My Napoli! My Napoli!
What magic in your waves!
My Napoli! My Napoli!
What magic in your waves!

Kissed by the spicy breezes,
Breathing of rich perfume,
Passing the deep-sea gardens
Where living flowers bloom,
Oh where is bay so lovely,
Oh where are days so dear? — Ah me!
My Napoli! My Napoli!
To sail forever here!
My Napoli! My Napoli!
To sail forever here!



THE WIND CALL

O WIND in the tree-tops, you call us away !
Your lusty wild summons forbids us to
stay!

Oh, come, let us wander ! Oh, come, let us
roam,

The wild winds are urging,

The tree-tops are surging,

Why bide we at home ?

Oh, come, let us wander ! Oh, come, let us roam !

When wild winds are urging,

When tree-tops are surging,

Why bide we at home ?

The swallows are swimming the billowy sky,

The magical mountains are calling on high.

Oh, come, let us clamber ! Oh, come let
us go !

The wild wind is crying,

The wild birds are flying,

Why bide here below ?

Oh, come, let us clamber ! Oh, come, let us go !
When wild winds are crying,
When wild birds are flying,
Why bide here below ?



HARE AND HOUNDS

OVER hill and valley hear the footsteps
patter,
*Ho ho! Breezes blow! Comrades, come and find
me!*

Through the leafy woodland merry voices chatter,
*Ho ho! Breezes blow! Comes the chase behind
me.*

Speed with joy and laughter boys and girls to-
gether,
*Ho ho! Breezes blow! Comrades, come and find
me!*

Merry, merry pastime for the autumn weather,
*Ho ho! Breezes blow! Comes the chase behind
me!*

Grasses bent and broken, footprints by the river,
*Ho ho! Breezes blow! Comrades, come and find
me!*

Hiding under bushes while the leaflets quiver,
*Ho ho ! Breezes blow ! Comes the chase behind
me !*

Speeding through the open, dashing into cover,
*Ho ho ! Breezes blow ! Comrades, come and find
me !*

Falling spent and weary, now the run is over !
*Ho ho ! Breezes blow ! Comes the chase behind
me !*



THE SUN DIAL

(From the French)

ROSES bloom and roses flourish
In this fair garden set with flowers,
While I watch them fade and perish,
“Marking the flight of sunny hours.”
Oh, joy! Oh, spring! The sun rides gayly,
My dial glistens in his flame. — Ah!
The lovely roses wither daily,
I stand year by year the same.

Roses bloom and roses wither,
Clamber and cling their little day;
Year by year the birds fly hither,
Sing, live, and love, and fly away.
Oh, joy! Oh, spring! New songsters ever,
New roses spring from fragrant dust. — Ah!
Life survives the wind and weather,
Though I crumble, gnawed with rust.

POLKA

UP and down, to and fro,
Tripping o'er the grass,
In and out, here we go,
Merry lad and lass!
Hear the fiddles laugh and cry,
Airy figures flutter by,
Up and down, here we go,
Tripping to and fro!

Up and down, in and out,
Tripping o'er the green,
Back and forth, round about,
What a merry scene!
Ribbons floating everywhere,
Whirling skirts and blowing hair,
Up and down, roundabout,
Tripping in and out!

Up and down, high and low,
Tripping o'er the ground,

Here and there, fast or slow,
Whirling round and round.
Hear the merry music play,
Hear the voices bright and gay,
Up and down, fast and slow,
Tripping high and low !



THE STORM

(From the French)

IT rains, it rains, dear Maiden !
Shepherdess, drive your sheep,
Clouds are with showers laden,
Hark to the thunder deep.
Oh, let us run together,
Lightning is flashing near,
See through the stormy weather
Lights of the home appear.

Good-e'en, good-e'en, my Mother,
See what I bring you here !
Sister, it is another
Lassie to dry and cheer.
Draw to the fire and warm you,
Shepherdess, rest and sleep,
Nothing shall fright or harm you,
Come with your little sheep.

Oh, Mother, kindly greet them,
Lassie and sheep this night,

Motherly smile and treat them,
Each little lambkin white.
Litter of straw provide them,
Close to the chimney place,
Sleep, with your lambs beside them,
Shepherdess full of grace.



CURLY LOCKS

(From the Italian)

O CURLY LOCKS, O Curly Locks,
You wear no silk nor lace,
In rags and tatters and wooden shoon
You bear yourself with grace.
For yet a Queen you are,
Curly-tressed Antonia,
In rags and tatters and wooden shoon,
My Queen Antonia!

O Curly Locks, O Curly Locks,
You have no wealth nor land,
No maiden dower but your own sweet self,
Your distaff in your hand.
And yet how rich you are,
Curly-tressed Antonia!
Your ample dower your merry self,
Dear maid Antonia.

O Curly Locks, O Curly Locks,
When to the Church I go

You seem as fair as the pictured Saints,
You are as good, I know.
For dear to me you are,
Curly-tressed Antonia!
As fair and dear as the pictured Saints,
My sweet Antonia !



THE HOMEWARD WAY

BREATH of hawthorn and of rose,
Fragrant in the meadows ;
Dewy sweet the evenings grows,
Hither, hither steal the shadows.
Homeward o'er the silent land
Plods the ploughman, staff in hand.

Onward winds the weary way,
Over hill and hollow,
Through the shadows grim and gray,
Silent ghosts that seem to follow.
Now a glow-worm lights his lamp,
Whither, whither leads the scamp ?

Eager heart and weary feet,
Lo, the lane is turning.
Home is waiting warm and sweet,
See the cottage light is burning !
O'er the hilltop gleams a star,
This is nearer, dearer far ;
Eager eyes and weary feet,
Home is waiting, warm and sweet.

SONGS FOR A SCHOOL
SONG-BOOK

AT PIERROT'S DOOR

(From the French)

THROUGH the moon's pale shimmer,
Little friend Pierrot,
Shines thy candle's glimmer
On the falling snow.
Lend a pen, I pray thee,
But a word to write,
One farewell to say thee
Ere I go to-night.

See my lantern flicker,
Now the light is out !
Lo, the snow falls thicker
Round and round about.
Shadows flock to harm me,
Lo, the night is old,
Ope thy door and warm me,
Lest I die of cold !

THE MINUET

GRAND ladies in brocade and lace,
Hair powdered o'er each lovely face,
Step forward with a stately grace,
To walk the minuet.
Each brave gallant in raiment grand
Leads his fair lady by the hand,
Till in opposing rows they stand,
To form a stately set.

Each lady fair her fan unfurls,
Throws back her head of snowy curls,
Smiles, showing little teeth like pearls,
And drops a curtsy now.
Her partner looks his very best,
His admiration all expressed,
Lays his jeweled hand upon his breast,
And makes a graceful bow.

Now with a measured step and slow
Forward and back the figures go,

Heads stately poised and pointed toe
And many a sidelong glance ;
Hands meeting cause a smile or pout,
Dandies circle in a brave redoubt,
Little shoes go peeping in and out ; —
It is a lovely dance !

Each dandy draws his jeweled blade,
Held high a glittering arch is made,
Now under this each blushing maid
Must follow, one by one.
See, as the ladies pass below,
Kind glances cast by every beau,
Bow and curtsy then and whisper low, —
The minuet is done.



YOUNG HOPEFUL

SEE the little baby there,
Eyes of blue and golden hair,
Little fists grope to and fro, —
Into politics they may go !

Into politics he may go
For he is a born American,
And he 'll seize a chance where'er he can !
Into politics, politics, politics,
Into politics he may go !

In this land so great and free,
Equal chance with all has he,
And this baby small and shy,
May be President by and by.

May be President by and by !
When he has attained majority,
He may wield supreme authority.
He 'll be President, President, President,
He 'll be President by and by !

Who would think to see him now,
What bright fame may crown his brow?
No one but his mother knows
How the Patriot daily grows.

How the Patriot daily grows,
For the thought provokes hilarity,
Though he is a wondrous rarity!
This small patriot, patriot, patriot,
This small patriot, how he grows!



FAREWELL, SUMMER

FARE you well, sweet summer playtime,
Happy days amid the flowers.
Fare you well, dear summer daytime,
Azure skies and golden hours.
All the pleasant haunts that knew me,
All the trees that bent above,
Summer scents and sounds that drew me
To the Nature that I love.

Will my flower friends betray me?
Will the whispering pines forget,
In whose shade I long to lay me? —
Comrades brave, I see you yet!
Will the brook I loved to follow
Drown my memory in the sea?
Will the veery and the swallow
Sing and soar, forgetting me?

Fare you well, sweet summer playtime,
Happy life amid the flowers,
Fare you well, dear summer daytime,
Azure skies and golden hours.

OUR PATRIOT FATHERS

LONG years ago, when first our Flag
In freedom's land unfurled,
Our fathers stood, a homespun band,
And fired with rough and toil-worn hand
The "shot heard 'round the world."

No silken flags, no colors gay,
No uniform nor fine array,
No trumpet calls nor sabers bright, —
And yet they fought our proudest fight.

From simple homes, from lives of toil
The gallant farmers came,
From field and forest, barn and fold,
With rugged hearts and temper bold,
To win a deathless name.

They knew no way but courage high,
They had no skill but how to die ;
Their arms were pitchfork, crow, and spade,
And yet a glorious stand they made.

It is not ships nor armies strong
Nor stores of minted gold,
It is not these our country needs,
But hearts attuned to noble deeds,
And spirits as of old ;

Grim will the common risk to share,
And shoulders firm the task to bear.
Our fathers' all they freely gave,
They spent their lives the land to save.



MEMORIAL DAY

BRING your roses white and red,
Blossoms without number,
Strew them o'er the quiet bed
Where the heroes slumber.
Bring your laurel wreaths and bay,
Green that will not wither,
Bring the Flag and set it there,
Let it proudly wave in air
O'er the grassy hillock where
The sleeping heroes stay.

Sound they rest, the silent brave,
Safe in Honor's keeping ;
While the Flag they died to save
Guards their sacred sleeping.

O Flag ! O glorious Flag !
Your story is not ended.

O Dead ! Ye glorious Dead !
You call to duty splendid.
O Heroes, you give us strength,
We long to strive, to come at length
Where you have wended.



ELVES' SONG

COME, Fairies, appear, your playtime is here,
Oh, let us dance merrily, merrily, merrily!
The moonshine is bright, and sweet is the night,
The crickets pipe cheerily, cheerily, cheerily.

Come away, come away,
Let us laugh, let us play,
Happy night, happy night,
Full of joy and delight.

The flowers in their beds are nodding their heads,
The birdies sleep cozily, cozily, cozily,
But Fairies awake in bushes and brake,
Their cheeks flushing rosily, rosily, rosily.

Come along, come along,
With a laugh with a song,
Let us prance, let us glance,
Let us whirl in the dance!

GOOD CHEER

WHEN everything is merry,
And no sorrows make us sad,
When all the world seems cheery,
In the sunshine all is glad,
When care and pain seem folly
And good spirits hold their sway,
'T is no credit to be jolly,
'T is no credit to be gay.

When earth is at the maytime,
When the days are bright and blue,
When life is at its playtime,
When our friends are kind and true,
When flowers bloom for us daily,
And no clouds are in the sky,
'T is no credit to smile gayly,
'T is no credit not to cry.

But wait until we know
The chill of winter snow,

When cruel winds do blow
And clouds are hanging low.
When joy seems far away
And nothing seems to pay, —
Then he who smiles and will be gay
Hurrah for him, I say!

Oh, hurrah for the lad who is gallant and fine,
Who never will whine, nor stop to repine.
Whate'er may befall he is cheerful and bright,
'T is he helps the world to go right!



TRAMPING SONG

WE tramp along the traveled way
With voices light and spirits gay,
For what so rare as open air
And Nature all around?
With youth and hope and comrades true,
And skies above so bright and blue,
The minutes fly, the miles go by,
We hardly feel the ground.

The birds above on joyful wing
Their merry little carols sing,
As to and fro in flocks they go,
For they are comrades all.
Then, Fellows, let us sing a song
As knee to knee we march along,
And mark the beat with eager feet
And many a merry call.

O comrades, let us sing a song
As knee to knee we march along.

PRAAYER

O FATHER, hear our evening prayer,
And shed thy blessing everywhere,
On every little child ; on each thy weary child.
Their heavy eyelids close,
Give them sleep and sweet repose.

And if there be some dreams to spare
Oh send them with thy loving care,
To those who have been good, to all who have
been good.
And to the poor and small,
Send the fairest dreams of all.

O Father, hear our evening prayer,
And bless thy children everywhere,
Bless every living thing, each tiny living thing,
Thy creatures great and small,
For we know thou lovest them all.

THE CAROL SINGERS

THE stars are shining fair and clear this holy
night,
The air is full of singing,
The joyous bells are ringing,
The Christmas candles give light,
In every cottage bright.

Come, let us travel o'er the snow,
Singing low as we go,
Come let us pause at every door,
Singing for rich, singing for poor !

In barn and fold the lowly friends are waiting now,
Their patient eyes are straining
For Him who will be deigning
To stoop and enter low,
His blessing to bestow.

Come, let us travel on our way,
Blithe and gay this glad day,
Come let us sing our carols sweet
For every soul whom we may meet.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

CHORUS OF LITTLE RICH CHILDREN

CHRISTMAS-DAY will soon be here,
Oh, how merry we shall be !
Stockings full of lovely gifts,
And a shining Christmas-Tree !
Every one is good to us,
Everything is bright and gay ;
Surely, no one need be sad
On the happy Christmas-Day !

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL SINGS

Children dear, Children dear,
You are neighbors all,
Rich and poor and high and low,
Larger ones and small ;
This is Loving-Giving time !
Lo ! a Dream I send
Lest the happy ones forget
Some poor little friend.

*(The Christmas Angel waves her starry wand. The
children sleep and dream.)*

THE FIR TREES IN THE FOREST

Oh ! Oh ! The cold winds blow
Out in the forest in the snow.
Here and there our ranks are thinned ;
The lucky go, we stay behind.
Candles and lovely gifts they wear,
Beautiful fruit their branches bear.

Oh ! Oh ! We fain would go
Shake off our wraps of feathery snow,
And give our lives on Christmas Day
For the unknown children far away !

THE UNHUNG STOCKINGS

Will nobody buy us, unfold us and tie us
Up by the chimney where Santa Claus comes,
To fill us with trumpets and dollies and
drums,
With candy and toys for the girls and the
boys ?
How gladly we 'd suffer things, even to holes,
We 'd freely give everything, even our *soles*,
To please the poor children — so many 't is shock-
ing ! —
For whom no one hangs up a long Christmas
stocking.

THE UNBOUGHT TEDDY BEARS

Please take us to a happy home,
Oh, how we long to speak !
Give us a little boy to tease us,
To hold and hug us, pull and squeeze us,
And make us *squeak* !

THE MOTHERLESS DOLLS IN THE SHOPS

When will our little mothers come ?
We wait here lonely, dull and dumb,
Although their empty arms are aching,
Their tender little hearts are breaking.
'T is hard to hear them cry, when we
Could make them glad so easily !

UNPURCHASED CANDY AND TOYS

The wistful children linger by,
Or loiter to and fro.
We cannot move, but helpless lie,
And see them sadly go.

We long to feel their eager lips,
Their hands which give no pain,
Will no one help us to be theirs ?
Oh, were we made in vain ?

CHORUS OF LITTLE POOR CHILDREN

The world is full of beautiful things —
Dolls and candy, horses and rings —
Treasures we long for in our dreams ;
Sorry and wistful and sad it seems!

Oh! Oh! Does nobody know

How we wait them and need them so?

Give us a few of the broken toys,
Spoiled by the luckier girls and boys.
These we would kiss, renew and mend,
These we would love, caress and tend.

Just a few, just one or two!

If happier children only knew!

*(The Christmas Angel waves her starry wand. The
Little Rich Children wake.)*

CHORUS OF LITTLE RICH CHILDREN

Oh, Mother, Father, let us haste!

We have so much to do!

For this is Loving-Giving time,

We must be busy too.

So many lonesome dolls and toys,

And bears with begging paws,

So many waiting girls and boys, —

We must help Santa Claus!



UNPURCHASED CANDY AND TOYS

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

THE FIRST FRIENDS

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

CHARACTERS:— *The Cattle, a Lamb, the old Horse, the Dog, a Kitten, Chickens, the Cock, and THE CHRIST CHILD.*

SCENE:— *A modern barn on Christmas Eve. The farm folk are celebrating the holiday at the house close by, not suspecting the doings of their dumb neighbors who, so legends say, on this one night of all the year can speak in human tongue.*

THE CATTLE

MOO! Moo! The holy time has come
When Christ draws near to earth.
First Friends of His, no more be dumb,
But speak to praise His birth!

ALL

Noël! Noël! For Christ is near!
The dearest time of all the year!

A LAMB

Baa! Baa! Like me, like me,
So small and soft and white,

God's little holy Lamb

Was born on earth to-night.

The shepherds came to where He lay,
All cuddled in the fragrant hay,
And brought their baby lambs to see ;
So of His dear First Friends were we !

THE DOG

Bow-wow ! Bow-wow ! We wait Him now !
Up at the house the folk are gay,
They keep the Christmas holiday.
But little do our neighbors guess
Here in the barn is joy no less ;
Here, too, the Christ Child's praise is sung,
For His First Friends are given tongue.

THE HORSE

Neigh ! Neigh ! An ass stood in the stall
Where Christ our Lord was laid, so small.
And safe an ass bore Him away
To Egypt on a later day.
I serve as served the lowly ass ;
I, too, am of the Friends He has.

THE CATTLE

The little holy Christ Child came
To love and serve His brothers ;

And if like Him, for little meed
We serve with love for man, indeed,
We may be blest, we others !

THE CHICKENS

The birds were very dear to Him ;
He knew each sparrow's fall.
He loved their simple songs of praise
When He was very small.
We silly chickens, too, are birds
Who cannot fly or sing ;
But well we know He loves us, too,
With every living thing.

THE HORSE

Ah, yes ! The birds were blessed friends
As well the children know ;
I saw them set a sheaf of wheat
For houseless, feathered ones to eat,
Out in the falling snow.

THE KITTEN

Mew ! Mew ! That was not all !
A hungry kitten, I,
So weak and cold and small ;
They heard my feeble cry,

They took me in out of the storm,
They gave me food and made me warm.
“ ’T is Christmas-time ! ” I heard them say,
“ We must be kind to all this day . ”

THE DOG

Bow-wow ! Bow-wow ! I ’d have you know
My little friends are good
To every creature all the year,
In barn or field or wood.
With gentle voice and tender hand
They speak, and we can understand.

THE LAMB

Ah ! Ah ! The Child must love them well,
Yes, they are kind, as we can tell !

ALL

They sing with us, Noël ! Noël !

THE DOG

The children’s eyes like stars are bright,
All beaming with good-will to-night.

THE CATTLE

The coming of the Child they wait ;
Sure, He will pause beside their gate !

THE HORSE

The candles in the windows shine
To light the Christ Child on His way.
Oh, may He bless the children all
Upon His holy day!

ALL

Noël! Noël! Noël!

(The village clock strikes the hour of midnight)

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!
Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve!

THE COCK

Cock-a-doodle-do!

(The barn-door blows suddenly and softly open and the Christ Child appears, shining in soft radiance. He clasps a dove to His bosom. As they are fabled to do at this holy hour, the beasts fall on their knees, worshiping. The fowls run to the Child's feet.)

ALL

Noël! Noël! Noël!

THE CHRIST CHILD

Lo, dear to me, I come,
First Friends of Bethlehem's Child,

Poor, patient folk, long dumb,
With eyes so soft and mild!
None are forgotten, great or small,
Surely not you, First Friends of all!
You never failed me in my need,
You never caused me woe,
You are my faithful folk away,
Let my true lovers know.

(He makes the holy sign)

Blest be this place
Take ye my grace.

ALL *(softly)*

Noël! Noël! Noël!

THE CHRIST CHILD

The happy house close by
Is full of love and light.
Its worshiped guest was I,
My blessing makes it bright.
I blessed the feast, I blessed the tree,
And all the friendly company.
And in the house where I was guest
Each loving heart is now at rest.
Sweet dreams and dear,
High hopes I send,

A Christmas year
Which shall not end.
Now here, with my First Friends beside,
Until the morning I will bide,
Here in the shadow of the hay,
As on the first white Christmas Day ;
A manger for my humble bed,
A stable roof above my head.
And blest forever shall you be,
My First Friends who awaited me !

ALL (*joyously*)

Noël! Noël! Noël!

*(The Christ Child stretches out His arms above them all, and
a great light glorifies every corner of the dingy barn.)*

END OF THE MASQUE



OVER A HEARTHSTONE IN A CHILDREN'S HOME

GOD bless the chimney and the blaze,
God bless this room through all the days,
God bless this house, from roof to hall,
And the little children one and all.

THE END



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